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Architecture.

AMERICAN INSTITUTE OF ARCHITECTS.

Regular Meeting of October 4th, 1859.—Charles Babcock was elected an honorary member.

In consequence of certain members finding it inconvenient to lecture as announced, it was, on motion,

Resolved, That the Committee on Lectures be empowered to fill the said vacancies.

A discussion ensued on the subject of Decoration as applicable to churches other than the Catholic and Episcopal.

By order,

R. M. Hunt, *Secretary.*

Foreign Correspondence, Items, etc.

PARIS, Sept. 5, 1859.

Dear Crayon:

OWING to the scarcity of interesting news in the world of Art here, I beg leave to send the following communications and extracts. The first is from a German friend, who requests me to forward it to the CRAYON, with the hope that you may consider it worthy of publication.

Yours,

ENTIRE PALETTE.

To the Editorial Hauptmann of the Crayon:

MUCH HONORED AND HIGH-WORTHILY ESTEEMED MISTER: I have that article on *Aesthetics* from our German translated lately in the August number of your Journal read, much familiar already being with the original of our divine philosopher Hegel. So have I much interested been to learn that such ideas, reception and good bearing find among your aborigines of the Evening-land. Also, moreover much pleased am I that in your western wildernesses, the great internally perceived realities, by and for themselves existing, are in a measure, into sense-impressions and high art-embodiments passing. When I of your primeval wildernesses think, there in the Far, also of the simplicity of your life-manners, in your log-houses of New York, Cincinnati and Minnesota, likewise of your wonderfully fine opportunities of out-pressing your spiritually percepted subjective ideas of the inward-real into the objectivity of sensated art, I am in heart well rejoiced, and may see a multi-form and many-sided double-up-for your comprehensive Thought-Future.

I deny not there to be many spirits, which with indifference, perhaps with contempt, look out down upon the procession of spirit-realities into the Art-world of the externally apparent. One of your countrymen tells to me, that in your village of Boston, much out-pression and objective form to inward-conceived Thought-Ideas is not given in that sensuous Art-sphere, but rather man devotes himself there to inner-spiritual-thought-evolutions only in what man calls Sermons and Lectures primarily. I this statement might perhaps accept with boundaries. I believe that at the end, that is to say, in that lengthy race,* this tendency shall work itself through to good extremities: and that soon or late, the Me and the Not-me will in spiritually-sensuous Art-images appropriately and orderly mix up.

* He means—"in the long run."

Be so good as excuse my manifold speech-wanderings and in the American language wish of exercise.

FRAZ WOLFGANG FRIEDRICH GOTTLIEB DUMPFHAMMER,
VON GÖTTINGEN.

THE following remarks are from the pen of Mr. Ego Rubskin, A.O.G. (autocrat of galleries). Author of "Pebbles of Dieppe," "The Seven Leagued Boots of Pre-Raphaelitism," "Weeds of France and England," Perpetual Chairman of the Hanging, Drawing and Quartering Committee. Extracted from the Monthly Ghost, a new magazine devoted to Art and literature.

"I have already distinctly and conclusively shown and proved beyond the possibility of dispute, that all Art must infallibly languish in America, so long as the authorized quarantines of Thought and Imagery in that young and promising, but too susceptible country, allow the importation of such Falsities as the late French school indulges itself in sending over there. I have already proved this in my late pamphlet on weeds. (See chap. on mullens and dockweeds.) Also in the remarks I made on the *trilobites* of the Ohio River and the alluvial mud of the American bottom lands of Illinois. But truth needs much reiteration. What is it, I ask, that the omnivorous young painters of America find in these daubs of color and stains of false chiaro-scuro? What but ignorance of the works of our divine mystic Turner, and absence of the electric excitement of Pre-Raphaelitism, can account for their perverted taste? For myself, I dread the sensualizing influence of French color as I do that of French philosophy, falsely so called. Away with these enervating Delilahs that shear the Samson of his locks of strength! Young America in whose docile eyes I discern the promise of considerable strength (may it not be that at some future day she may approach even our best standards), should rise superior to color and tone—as color and tone merely. Her young painters can never pursue this siren with safety without the armor of a large philosophy, a high theology, and a tender humanity. Let them devote years and years to mullets, pokeberry plants, brickbats in a sunset light—and the noonday glitter of the marvellous mica-specks under the heat-quivering June firmament. Let them study, hammer in hand, rather than paint-brush, the geological strata and dip of their own Green Mountains and Alleghanies. Let them delineate the spider-webs laden with morning dew. Let them go with prayerful and earnest humility, and make careful outline drawings of the barberry bushes by the roadside in August, pendent with the powdery dust of their western deserts, and gleaming white like the under side of the poplar leaves that tremble in the first approaches of a Connecticut thunder storm. Let them devote themselves to the stains of tobacco-juice on their floors, if they will have color before contour. For in tobacco-juice (bold as the statement may seem) is a certain humanity. I have elsewhere proved that all weeds have a certain humanity—so much so that the taste of a Jamestown weed (*Datura Stramonica*) will certainly incline a novice to make faces. But in America the tobacco plant is eminently human, and where there are no spittoons, I see no impropriety in introducing it into the foregrounds of their landscapes.

Above all, let our young American brethren of the brush avoid all French Art, except the precious interiors of E. Frère. Let them not rush into the seductive arms of such false charmers as Delacroix, Troyon, Couture, Diaz, etc., but study the fine reds and whites, chalky as our Dover cliffs, and the flat, thin,